DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

On a grave in the old English city of Gloucester, is an inscription which reads thus:—"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." The grave is that of Robert Raikes who, just one hundred years ago, started the first Sunday-school.

Gloucester, on the Severn, is a very old city, its history being traceable to a very remote antiquity. The Britons, the Romans and the Saxons all gave it a name. By the last it was called *Gleau Ceaster* which has been shortened into Gloucester. The scene of a celebrated single combat between Edmund Ironsides and Canute is said to have been there. It was repeatedly visited by William the Conqueror; there Henry III. was crowned and in it Parliaments were held under Richard II. and Henry IV. It sided with the Parliament in the successful contest with Charles I.; it was the birthplace of George Whitfield, the scene of one of the experiments of Howard the Philanthropist in prison reform and, perhaps, most honorable of all, the birth place and home of Robert Raikes; the founder of Sunday-schools.

Robert Raikes was known amongst his neighbors as "Raikes the printer," he at the age of twenty-two years succeeding to the proprietorship of the Gloucester *Journal*, which was founded by his father. He was a successful editor and printer, and through the force of character and prosperity became one of the most influential citizens of Gloucester. He was not one of the angular men whose edges cut whomsoever they touch. He was gentle, courtly, studious of pleasing and continually on the alert to promote good-will among his neighbors. His vocation as printer and editor brought him into contact with all classes of society; shrewdness of observation was as decided a trait of his character as business tact. Withal, he was a devout member of the Church of England, and a regular attendant upon its services.

England a hundred years ago was very different from the England of to-day. Public education for the lower classes scarcely existed. Manufactures were growing, and producing a distinct class of population as yet wholly neglected. The prisons were filthy and crowded; the debtors confined in them had no public provision for their maintenance, and often died of neglect and starvation. The first philanthropic efforts of Robert Raikes were directed to the relief of the prisoners in the Gloucester jails. He was before Howard in the field, and used his paper effectively in appealing for food and clothing to be given to the "poor wretches" as he called them. These gifts entrusted to him he distributed with his own hands. In addition he supplied the prisoners with books, appointed the most competent amongst them readers to others and encouraged the readers by gratuities.

Robert Raikes' work of charity in the prisons of Gloucester prepared him for his greatest achievement—the founding of Sunday-schools. His own account of the first step taken, as given in a letter to a friend, is very simple: "Some business leading me one morning in the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are

ROBERT RAIKES, THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether these children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah, sir,' said the woman, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with a multitude of these wretches, who spend their time in noise and riot, playing at "chuck," and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than of any other place.'.....I then enquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send, whom they were to instruct in reading and the church catechism. For this I engaged to pay them a shilling each for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Stock, and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon, to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathen."

This was the germ of the Christian Sunday-school system, which has in one hundred years spread over the whole world. In all he did Raikes showed the good sense of the hard-headed, practical Englishman. The only condition of admission to the schools was cleanliness. "All that I require," said the philanthropist to parents, "are clean hands, clean faces, and their hair combed." To some one who tried to beg off from attendance he replied, "If you have no clean shirt, come in that you have on." The excuse of another he adroitly parried by saying, "If you can loiter about without shoes, and in a ragged coat, you may as well come to school, and learn what may tend to your good." He soon acquired such an influence over the little ragamuffins that his displeasure was feared, and his approval greatly desired.

The effect of Raikes' well-directed energy was prodigious. The streets of Gloucester became quiet and peaceable on Sundays, and the same change for the better was effected throughout the country. In 1786 the Gloucestershire magistrates passed a resolution declaring that "the benefit of Sunday-schools to the morals of the rising generation is too evident not to merit the recognition of the bench and the thanks of the community to the gentlemen instrumental in promoting them." In 1783, after three years' experience, Raikes ventured to speak of the schools in his paper. Enquiries for information began to pour in upon him. His letters in reply found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *European Magazine*, and Wesley's *Arminian Magazine*. Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was so much impressed with the utility of the schools as to say, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." John Wesley thought there was more in Sunday-schools than appeared on the surface, and wrote in his journal, "Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of." Bishops noticed them in their charges to the clergy. Teaching poor children for a time became the fashion. Even the Queen, wife of George III., sent for Robert Raikes, when he chanced to be at Windsor, to learn from his own lips of his work among the poor. She wished to know "by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower orders of people as the institution of Sunday-schools was suggested to his mind."

At first there was no Sunday-school Society, and the teachers were paid. Without organized support, and dependent upon paid labor, the Sunday-school must in a very few years have proved a failure. The suggestion of using the services of unpaid teachers is said to have originated among the Wesleyans. By 1785 several schools were managed on this plan; the idea was not adopted, however, in Gloucester, till 1810, a year before Raikes' death.

Full of honors, after reposing for eight years from the toils of business, Robert Raikes died in 1811, having reached the ripe age of seventy-five. The commemoration of the centenary of the establishment of Sunday-schools in London on June 26 and the following days, is planned on a large scale. There will be gatherings in St. Paul's and the Guildhall, processions, and the unveiling of a statue placed on the Thames Embankment. But there can be no monument to Robert Raikes greater than the thousands of Sunday-schools scattered through the whole world amongst heathen as well as Christian peoples all actuated by the one grand object of leading the young to Jesus.

Temperance Department.

GETTING RID OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

With the prevalent idea about the wholesomeness of "a little" for a great many purposes, largely in consequence of the deceitful nature of the stuff itself, there are many people in most communities who would not like to be known as other than temperance people, who yet make large mental reservations when drink is denounced. "Oh, yes, it does a vast amount of mischief; there is A and B and C who are killing themselves by it and ruining their families." "Something ought to be done." But, somehow, people who talk so fairly never go on and "do" anything unless they are dragged into it, and then not very effectively. In a surprising majority of such cases, if you could see into the thoughts or the life, you would find self excused for using a little. "Yes, it hurts others, but it is good for me;" "I could not get along without a little," "for medicine, you know;" and then follow some very peculiar ailments that "nothing else helps at all." They treat it as people sometimes do a friend who has fallen into bad repute. They can not defend him; public opinion is too strong to be stemmed, and appearances are too much against him, yet they associate with him privately, and in their hearts they believe in him. Of course, they will never take nor favor any effective public measures against him.

Now if we can convince these people that the drink is altogether bad, that it poisons them every time they take it, and deceives them besides, we take a long step toward waking them up and getting them to renounce it and denounce it and fight it. I do not say, and I do not think that this is the only thing to be done; but I do think it is one of the best things, and that it lies at the foundation of an immense amount of practical temperance work of all sorts. Some years ago I spent several weeks in the State of Maine, determined to find out, if possible, the secret of their success, and I found a large amount of intelligence and of intense feeling in this direction. Very many would not use alcohol for any purpose, even for medicine, and I had then met with very few such elsewhere. One quiet and undemonstrative lady, the wife of a public officer of high rank, took some pains to say that she had kept house for twenty-five years and never had had a drop of alcohol in the house for any purpose whatever—would not have it. Her husband was engaged in very active and practical educational work in the same line. It became easy to see how such sentiments, intelligently held, sustained the people there in very radical measures. There were mighty convictions behind the workers.

One of the features of the work had always been a large amount of reading and study about the real nature and effects of alcoholic drinks. When Gen. Neal Dow commenced operations, one of his "manœuvres" was to get up temperance concerts. He secured a choir, with one or two good voices well practised in temperance songs, and made engagements and routes for concerts all through the State. Every school district was visited, or nearly every one. The singing was sure to bring out the people, and this was interspersed with short temperance talks by himself and others, but the main feature was that every man, woman, and child present had a temperance tract to take home. This was only one of many ways in which the people were induced to read on the subject.

Another very important measure was the careful instruction of the children. Many years ago Bands of Hope were common in different parts of the State. One which I visited was faithfully attended by over one hundred children, and had been in existence twenty years. During that time it had turned out upward of sixteen hundred youth, who had received a large amount of drill and teaching on the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks. A large number of these Bands have been carried on at one time or another in different parts of the State, and often kept up for years. But this little institution in Maine differs from the Band of Hope elsewhere, just as other temperance work there differs from temperance work elsewhere; for in the former the aim is study and information, while in the latter it is mostly performance, songs, recitation of "pieces," and a good time. Scholars drilled in primary studies make good readers of temperance truths.

And they were a reading people. I think that hardly stress enough has been laid on the fact that Maine was settled from Massachusetts, and has never had a large admixture of foreigners. They are therefore a people of ideas, and they have had it all their own way, with few to oppose them compared with other States. When they took up the temperance work, they went into it thoroughly, and they have kept at it without abatement. Their reading made them understand the first principles, so that there was no serious division in their ranks. And although outside of the State the Maine Law has given them their reputation, no people understand better than they do the value of moral suasion, and the necessity of it to their success. With this they built entirely at first. Hear what ex-Governor Dingley said last summer at Sebago Lake, than whom no man is better able to represent the facts: "In no other State has there been so general a use of moral agencies in promoting temperance as in Maine. The most potent moral movements that have ever been known had their origin here. The prohibitionists in this State have ever been foremost in moral work. They have simply used legal suasion as a buttress to moral suasion. They have done this in order that the men saved by moral agencies might be aided in keeping their good resolutions by the removal of the dram-shop temptations." Just as we said, it is the moral change that saves the man, it is the heart belief and the heart desires that mould the man and control his actions. You can "bend the twig" by temperance teaching as well as by other teaching. It is not enough to keep the temptation to drink away even from children. There should be strength of character, fortified by information within as well as favorable influences without, and of the two the former is by far the more important.

There is another very important difference between Maine and other States in their getting rid of intemperance. For a long time they were intelligently working for temperance as an ultimate object, and not for the law. Hear what Governor Dingley says again: "There is little doubt that when the Maine Law was enacted in 1851 as a buttress to moral suasion, a majority of our citizens doubted its wisdom and consented to it only as an experiment. The fact that the experiment has become a policy of over twenty years' growth (it was repealed once and re-enacted), and the policy so well established that no political party dares to set up the banner of repeal, is convincing proof that the people of Maine regard its wisdom as clearly established."

That is, the Maine people did not work very directly for a law until, by what are usually called moral measures, they had secured a majority, so that they had a reasonable prospect of passing a law and enforcing it. If they had undertaken it before they had educated a majority, they would have weakened themselves continually by appealing to the majority while that majority was against them. For these efforts for prohibition are nothing more nor less than appeals to the majority, while majorities are largely manufactured by other measures.

That is where Maine has had the advantage of us. She has studied her own work, and devised measures to suit its condition as she went along, while we have, many of us, been led away by appearances to imitate what we could not or would not fashion for ourselves. So in many of the States we passed "Maine Laws" and could not execute them after we got them because we had not Maine people and Maine ideas to help us in the work. Our main effort has been to "get the law," as if that would do everything. Hear Governor Dingley once more:

"Prohibitory laws will not largely execute themselves as other laws do, for the reason that the victim of the dram-seller usually endeavors to protect his greatest enemy, while the victim of the thief usually takes the lead in securing his apprehension."

It seems, then, that what we want at every turn is staunch temperance men and women. We know perhaps more or less such in every community. "Oh, if we only had a dozen such to meet the enemy at every turn, we should have some hope!" This is the despairing cry. They seldom seem to think they can go to work and make such men by educating and training them in temperance schools, and by all moral and religious methods. But that is exactly what they have been doing in Maine, and hence they have the men that they can rely upon, men that hate alcohol more than they do any other poison.—*Phrenological Journal.*

MEN SERVANTS AND DRINK.

The main thing to be dreaded in men servants—next to downright dishonesty—is, of course, intoxication. If a man has been long in one's service and gets drunk for once and away, it may well be forgiven him; but when your new servant gets drunk, wait till he is sober enough to receive his wages, and then dismiss him—if you can. Not long ago I had occasion to discharge a butler for habitual intoxication; he was never quite drunk, but also never quite sober; he was a sot. I made him fetch a cab, and saw his luggage put upon it, and I tendered him his wages. But he refused to leave the house without board wages. Of course, I declined to pay him any such thing; and, as he persisted in leaning against the dining-room door murmuring at intervals, "I want my board wages," I sent for a policeman. "Be so good," I said, "as to turn this drunken person out of my house." "I daren't do it, sir," was the reply; "that would be to exceed my duty." "Then why are you here?" "I am here, sir, to see that you turn the man out yourself without using unnecessary violence." "The man" was six feet high, and as stout as a beer-barrel. I could no more have moved him than Skiddaw, and he knew it. "I stays here," he chanted in his maudlin way, "till I gets my board wages." Fortunately, two Oxford undergraduates happened to be in the house, to whom I mentioned my difficulty, and I shall not easily forget the delighted promptitude with which they seized upon the offender and "ran him out" into the street. He fled down the area steps at once with a celerity that convinced me he was accustomed to being turned out of houses, and tried to obtain re-admission at the back-door. It was fortunately locked, but when I said to the policeman, "Now, please to remove that man," he answered, "No, sir; that would be to exceed my duty; he is still upon your premises and a member of your household." As it was raining heavily, the delinquent, though sympathized with by a great crowd round the area railings, presently got tired of his position and went away. But supposing my young Oxford friends had not been in the house and he had fallen upon me (a little man) in the act of expulsion; or supposing I had been a widow lady with no protector, would that too faithful retainer have remained in my establishment for ever?—*Cor. Times.*

THINGS NOTABLE.

Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P., at a banquet at the Manchester Reform Club on Tuesday, said, at the close of his speech:—"I must not sit down without saying one word about my friends the brewers. I feel very sorry for them. You know in Ireland, when a man departs this world, they say, 'May his soul rest in peace.' The worst I can wish the brewers is that they may rest in peace. They will have time for reflection, and you may rely upon it that you will have divisions in the coming Parliament where there will be very few comparatively going into the wrong lobby. (Cheers.) New members will have a very different time of it to that which we have had for the last six years. (Hear, hear.) It was weary work treading along those lobbies knowing that we were to be beaten. It will be a great comfort now to go into a Parliament where it will be our own fault if good measures are not passed."

Fun says:—"There is not the slightest doubt that the Conservatives did themselves harm by going in for the publicans. Had they shown themselves equal to public interests that have no connection with taverns, it is possible they might not have been bunged up."

The *Fountain* says:—"The recent elections have inflicted a heavy blow upon the liquor traffic. No less than twelve brewers who had seats in the last Parliament have been rejected, whilst six others connected with the traffic, who sought to enter the House of Commons for the first time, have also been unsuccessful. Some of these candidates were men of great wealth and influence, among them being the three Allsopps, Sir Arthur Guinness, and Sir Gilbert Greenall. The publicans staked everything on the success of the Tories, and they have lost. Not unnaturally they now begin to repent their folly, and dread the consequences. And well they may; for it is certain that we shall soon see some legislation which will not be at all to their taste. The new Liberal Government, whilst it may be trusted not to do anything out of mere spite toward the publicans, will at least be able to feel that it owes them nothing. It has nothing to hope from them; nor has it anything to fear. It has been raised to power in spite of the bitterest opposition of the liquor sellers, and consequently it will be able to act in the most free and independent manner. And there can be no doubt that the public opinion of the country is ripe for restrictive legislation of a very thorough and comprehensive character."

To the Encouragement of any who may have a love for tobacco which they wish to overcome, but think they cannot, I wish to say that my husband, who used it fifty (50) years, and believed he could not do without it, has left it off altogether, and says now that he has no craving for it. It cost him a struggle at first, but he has not tasted it for many months, and now he dislikes the smell of it, since he has set his mind against it and wonders how we lady folks ever bore it so patiently. When a stranger comes into his place of business with a lighted cigar or pipe, as soon as he has gone, he opens the doors, front and back, and fans out the smoke, and frequently expresses his gratitude for what he deems a great deliverance. The thought that decided the matter with him was this: "That if the master was here in person on earth, going about doing good, followed by His twelve disciples, would it be becoming for each of them to have a pipe?" Thinking himself a disciple, he judged it to be as absurd in himself as it would be in them.—*Cor. N. Y. Witness.*

Brain Work.—An article in one of the leading American reviews, on Bayard Taylor, is thus concluded:—"Mental labor is not hostile to health and life; but I am more than ever convinced that a man who lives by his brain is of all men bound to avoid stimulating his brain. In this climate, to stimulate the brain by alcohol and tobacco is only a slow kind of suicide. Even the most moderate use of the mildest wine is not without danger, because the peculiar exhaustion caused by severe mental labor is a constant and urgent temptation to increase the quantity and strength of the potation. I would say to every young man in the United States, if I could reach him, if you mean to attain one of the prizes of your profession and live a cheerful life to the age of eighty, throw away your dirty old pipe, put your cigars in the stove, never buy any more, become an absolute teetotaler, take your dinner in the middle of the day, and rest one day in seven."

An Illustrious Abstainer.—A correspondent sends in an extract from the *Wexford Recorder*. At the weekly meeting of the Gorey Board of Guardians Mr. Palmer reported having admitted an old woman, 112 years of age, to the infirmary, named Mary Byrne, who never carried a stick, and was strong, healthy, and active until a few weeks since, when she got something like paralysis. When sending her to the workhouse the medical officer ordered her a glass of wine to help her on the journey, but, when offered, she said she was too well able to go without it—that she never tasted wine or drink in her life. She came from Aske, Inch, Gorey. Dr. Allen said he offered her wine in the infirmary. She replied, "Do you want to poison me?" and would not take it. We commend Mary Byrne to Mr. Sherlock for his next volume of "Illustrious Abstainers."—*Hand and Heart.*

The Innocent Suffer With the Guilty.—The Rev. Wm. Searles, chaplain of the State Prison, gives a striking instance of the old law that the innocent suffer with the guilty. He shows that one-tenth of our population are brought into sorrow and disgrace by being connected with criminals. He says: "There are forty-four State Prisons in the United States, exclusive of penitentiaries and jails, and 40,000 prisoners in them. One-tenth of the criminals are in the State Prisons; so there are 400,000 in all. They have such relations to at least ten persons each as to carry sorrow and suffering to at least 4,000,000 of our people. What streams supply these prisons? Three—idleness, licentiousness and intemperance."

Agricultural Department.

STONE DRAINS.

Land drainage is evidently attracting more attention now among farmers than it has hitherto, and it is not improbable that more tile will be laid this year than has been laid during any of its predecessors. The advantages of land drainage have been set forth so often that it would seem to be a tiresome repetition to refer to them again. But it is by this means that an interest has been awakened to the importance of the subject among farmers, which promises well for the future.

There are localities where stones may be utilized for drainage purposes and give satisfaction if properly used. They must be laid deep, or frost will disarrange the upper sections, sand and other obstructions will enter, and with no force of current to remove these substances the drain will soon fill up. The plan adopted by some farmers, is to put the drain in three feet deep and three feet wide from outside to outside, building the side walls one foot high and one foot thick to hold the cap stones, making the passage-way for the water one foot each way. The top of the cap stones is about eighteen inches from the surface. Such a drain costs more than an ordinary one two feet wide and two feet deep, yet the great advantage claimed for it is that it never fills up. Where stones are abundant on the fields to be underdrained, it is possibly a matter of economy to use them for the purpose, as they come in play for the drains and are removed from the surface where they are in the way. There are farms where stones are a great nuisance, and they may be thus utilized to advantage. It is only where they are present, however, that their use is advisable, for tile is preferable and more economical if the stones have to be brought from a distance.

The triangular stone duct consists of three flat stones in the form of a triangle at the bottom of the ditch, the side stones meeting at the bottom in the shape of a V, covered with another flat stone. Above this, the ditch is partly filled with irregular pieces of stone, or cobble stone, below the reach of the plow. On this, inverted sod or straw should be put, and the ditch then filled with earth. Another method—the coupled stone duct—is made by placing a flat stone at the bottom of the drain then setting two flat stones on it like an inverted V, and filling the drain as described above.

Another method is to place a flat stone at the bottom, another one at the side of the drain, and a third one diagonally from one edge of the bottom stone to the top of the other one; then filling with cobble or small stones, as described in the foregoing methods.

Still another method—but one which is very objectionable—is to use cobble stone, thrown into the bottom of the ditch promiscuously, without forming a continuous channel for the water to pass through. The labor of making a drain of this kind is almost as great as that required for other methods, while in a comparatively brief period the drain will be useless; fine dirt is carried down by water and soon fills up the interstices, rendering the drain valueless.

The use of cobble stones is not advisable where the soil is light or sandy; in those of considerable tenacity they can be used advantageously, if tile is not convenient, as in stiff or clayey soils the earthy particles adhere, and do not wash down among the stones. In light soils, or those approaching quicksands, stone should not be thought of; they will disappoint any reasonable expectation of good results.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A COW WORTH HAVING.

Having seen records in your paper of wonderful butter cows, and having been several times requested to publish an account of ours, I herewith send the items to you for publication.

The cow came to us two years ago, having just lost her calf, and not giving much milk, besides being poor in flesh. We knew her to have been a valuable cow, and hoped, with care, to bring her back to what she ought to be. She dropped her calf on the last day of May, 1879, and our record of her good deeds begins with the month of June. For the first two weeks of June she fed her calf altogether, but while doing that she gave us also fourteen pounds of butter. The third week in June she gave us 19½ lbs. of butter. Her milk was but seldom measured, but at its greatest flow, I do not think it much exceeded sixteen quarts per day.

The following is her record for six months:

June, 63 lbs. of butter; July, 68 lbs.; August, 60 1-8 lbs.; September, 54½ lbs.; October, 43½ lbs.; November, 45 lbs.; total, 333⅝ lbs.

For the three winter months she kept on after this fashion:

December, 42½ lbs.; January, 41 1-8 lbs.; February, 37 1-8 lbs.; total, 120¾ lbs.

It should be said of her that she had nothing better than ordinary pasture during the summer and autumn, with but very little grain, supplemented with corn fodder during the dry season. The past winter she has been fed on good English hay and about three pints of meal daily. We are now trying to dry her up, as she is expected to calve again early in May.

Her butter is of a deep, rich golden color all the year through, and no patent or new-fashioned appliances have been made use of in raising the cream.

I suppose the animal has a pedigree, but we do not know it. She was made a pet of when young and is gentle as a lamb; would follow us all about the place, or even into the house (if we wished it) for the offer of an apple. She is dark brown, almost black, and we suppose her to be good part Jersey. She is now about nine years old.

IPSWICH.

The remarkable cow whose qualities are described in the above letter belongs to Mrs. Eben Caldwell of Ipswich, Mass., and the facts as stated are fully attested.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ABOUT PLANTING TREES.

I think the cultivation of black walnut trees may be a great source of wealth for the present and future generations of the American people.

It is surprising to see how rapidly the walnut trees that are large enough for saw-logs are being hunted up throughout our entire nation, and are being shipped largely to Europe. There is one tree, we have been lately informed by good authority, standing in the State of Maine, 200 years old, eighteen feet in circumference three from the ground, 60 feet in body length, or enough for five saw-logs each twelve feet long, and that for it there has been offered $1,500 as it stands. Its average crop of nuts is sixty bushels, that readily sell at $1 per bushel, making a good annual income for the ground it occupies.

The State of Maine is not the only place where the black walnut has grown to an immense size. There is one tree standing on the banks of Clear Creek, Putnam County, Ill., that is said to contain about the same dimensions as the tree in Maine. Mr. F. Cummins, of Buda, Henry County, Ill., has a grove of twenty acres largely covered with black walnuts of all sizes. He has been offered $1,000 cash for all that are large enough to square fifteen inches at the stump. The small trees, fifty years hence, would probably be worth as much to him, or his descendants, as the present crop, showing clearly that land planted to black walnuts will be a paying investment to the owners. Livingston Roberts, of Marshall County, Ill., planted some walnuts, when a boy of ten years old, some sixty years ago, that were cut last winter for saw-logs, and measured two and a half feet across the stump.

It might be well for our American people to go into the planting of black walnuts on a large scale, when the timber and nuts have so much value. There are thousands of acres of cheap lands subject to occasional overflow along the rivers of Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and other states of our nation, that the owners would do well to plant largely to the black walnut, as it can be done cheaply and in time will be very valuable to their owners. The great majority of our western farmers seem to be going back on Osage orange hedges. To all such I would suggest the propriety of planting black walnuts every ten feet along the hedge. Keep the hedge well cut back, and in time the walnut trees will kill out the hedges. Then you can use barbed wire, or cross-bars towed into the trees, and have living posts. In time each tree will become a saw-log, worth from $5 to $50. The stumps can remain standing, with the wire or cross-bars on them, and will remain good for a long time.

Persons starting new farms would do well to plant black walnuts in place of hedges. In this way walnuts can be grown by the million. I believe our railway companies would do well to plant out rows on each side of their tracks, for ties and lumber. In planting the nuts, it is better to plant in the fall, with the hull on; or, if kept until spring, they should be bedded out, with a slight covering of mould. Let them come up in beds. Cut off the tap-root, and plant out like cabbage plants in the spring.—*A. H. G., in "Ohio Farmer."*

THINGS THAT PAY.

It pays to have a garden, if you will take care of it; if you can't or won't, do not attempt it. Perhaps a dozen of your neighbors are in the same fix; in which case you might club together and hire a gardener on the "co-operative plan." If you make a garden, it pays to enrich the ground liberally. Nothing from nothing is one of Nature's by-laws, if not a part of the constitution of things. Stable manure is adequate for nearly all purposes, but good superphosphate is more convenient, and has the advantage, for nearly all purposes, of being free from weeds. The value of wood-ashes, especially for potatoes, peas, early beans, &c., is also very great. It pays to withhold your seedling until the ground is dry and can be thoroughly pulverized, particularly for all root crops, and for corn. The distorted and crooked parsnips, salsify and radishes, and the slow-growing and stunted corn, are results generally due to soggy and lumpy soil. It pays to have a walk through your garden, each way, made with a loose stone foundation and filled in with coal-ashes. It pays to sow your vegetables in long rows, instead of in the old-fashioned beds, and to use stakes and line in planting everything, that your rows may be straight and even. It pays to rotate crops from one spot in the garden to another. When the ground is wormy, it pays to use lime. It pays to kill a weed wherever and as soon as you see it.—*Golden Rule.*

ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.—We would say that unleached wood ashes, used either alone as a top-dressing or in connection with a compost, form a most valuable fertilizer for orchards, young or old. They are rich in potash, one of the elements most needed by fruit trees, and are worth forty cents per bushel for this purpose. Ashes being in a finely divided state, their valuable elements are in a very favorable condition for the action of the roots of plants, and for orchards they have a value fully equal to that of ground bone. To any orchardist who wishes to put his orchard in the best condition at least expense, there is no question but ashes are worth two or three times what soap factories are accustomed to pay for them.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

A WRITER IN THE *Wine and Fruit Reporter* says: "I desire to add my belief, from a little practice, that sulphur—one ounce to a gallon of water and sprinkled or syringed over the vines just at nightfall—will destroy insects and mildew and leave no bad show afterward. When sifted as a powder, it has an unpleasant and oftentimes injurious effect, although it is acknowledged a specific manure of value, even when applied boldly broadcast upon the soil. Salt I have found also, applied to vines in connection with gypsum or plaster of Paris, to act as a healthy stimulant on soils of a loamy clay, gravelly, or dark rich sandy loam."

HINTS ON SHEEP-RAISING.—A sheep-grower says: "It is folly to keep old sheep. They should be turned off to the butcher in their prime. It does not take half the amount to fatten them. When they get old and thin, in order to put them in the condition for slaughter, the whole structure must be rebuilt. Four sets of lambs are all any ewe should bear. This will bring her to five years, and this is the age when, with a little extra care, she will round up to a full carcase. Exceptions may be made when the breed is scarce, and the blood is more desirable than anything else.

DOMESTIC.

MARLBORO PIE.—One cup of stewed dried apples, sifted or made fine with a spoon; half cup sugar, one cup milk, small piece of butter or some sweet cream in place of butter, two beaten eggs, nutmeg, no top crust.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat one egg light; add a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out in a very thin sheet, dredge with flour to keep from sticking, then roll up tightly. Begin at one end and shave down like fine cabbage for slaw.—*Lakeside Cook Book.*

HASH.—Take cold beef of any kind, free from gristle and bone, chop quite fine; to one cup of meat add two of potatoes, chop, put into a spider with a piece of butter, and enough water and milk to moisten slightly; let it cook slowly one-half hour, stirring occasionally; let it brown, salt to taste.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take a beef tongue that has been well boiled, chop fine, mix with cream or milk, the beaten yolk of an egg, a piece of butter, and salt to taste; simmer gently. Toast thin slices of bread, butter them, spread with the mixture and serve hot. Keep covered and hot in a tureen. This is also very nice without the toast, and is good for breakfast or tea.

A SAGO PUDDING.—Three teacups milk, three tablespoons sago, two eggs, four tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt; soak the sago in the milk two hours before adding the other ingredients, beat the eggs well, mix and flavor with vanilla or rose. If the sago settles to the bottom of the pan while baking, stir it, and if it seems too stiff or solid, add more milk and sugar. Stir often enough to have it thoroughly mixed; it should be soft and jelly-like. Serve with cream and sugar.

SAGO CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Make as above; shave one heaping tablespoon of sweet chocolate, dissolve in a little milk, sweeten and stir into the sago. Serve with whipped cream or cream and sugar.

CHOPPED BEEF.—Two pounds lean, raw meat chopped fine, one teacup rolled crackers, one of sweet milk, one teaspoon salt. Put in a pan, cover another over it, bake one hour. It is improved by a dressing of bread or cracker crumbs spread over the top; wet the crumbs with milk or water, season with butter, pepper, and salt. The scraps may be used for breakfast by taking a spoonful and covering it with mashed potatoes mixed with egg and fried in butter or suet.

BEEF PIE.—Take any pieces of beef (or any other meat) that are left, stew in a little water till tender; cut in small bits, put into any pan of convenient size, pour in the water that was left from stewing it, adding more if necessary to just barely cover the meat, add a piece of butter, a little salt, and a sprinkle of flour; cover with a good biscuit crust, make a small hole for the steam to escape and bake one-half hour. Raw, tender beef may also be used, and sliced potatoes may be added. This is an excellent way to use up any bits of meat or fowl, as several kinds may be mixed together. If any gravies were left, save them to warm up and serve with the pie. If preferred, the meat may be chopped as fine as for hash.

HOW COOKING AFFECTS POTATOES.—The nutritive value of potatoes is not materially affected by the different ways of cooking them, unless they are wasted in peeling; when potatoes are peeled before cooking, unless they are large and very thinly pared, the waste is about one-fourth, and as most of the mineral elements lie next the skin they are generally cut away with it. The analysis of potatoes boiled in their jackets shows that they contain double the quantity of the salts of potash which remains in those that have been peeled; besides this important fact, potatoes boiled in their jackets do not waste more than an ounce in a pound. The waste in baked potatoes if peeled is about one-fourth; if they are eaten in their skins there is but little waste. Baked potatoes should be served the moment they are soft; after that the steam which escapes in the bursting of the starch cells begins to condense, and is absorbed by the mealy substance of the vegetable until it becomes sodden and heavy; if baked potatoes are served at the right point of cooking they are perfectly digestible and wholesome; they should never be placed in a covered dish, nor allowed to stand an instant after they are done.—*Miss Corson.*

THE CAVE OF PAN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

CHAP I.—IN THE GARDEN.

It was evening, and the almost momentary twilight which is common in Palestine was fast settling down into a bright, starlight night; yet still the merry voices of children could be heard from the garden of the centurion Lucius, who dwelt at Cæsarea Philippi. For some time Persis, the centurion's eldest daughter, a girl of about fifteen, had been sitting on the parapet of the garden, dreamily looking on the great plain of Huleh, which lay many hundred feet below, whilst her brother Rufus and little Julia were playing hide and seek amongst the grottos, and statues, and clumps of bushes, and the fantastic devices which made the chief charm of the garden.

It was indeed a famous place for such a game. Here graceful vine-tendrils had grasped the arm or hand, or clustered in the hair, of one of the statues, forming a complete screen; there stood a clump of oleanders, so dense that you could lie concealed and unsuspected for an hour. In the day-time it was a delightful spot; the sweetest birds trilled their song from each bush, the little rivulets and cascades made a constant music, and there was ample shade for even the hottest summer's day.

Now, although a still better time for hide-and-seek, it was less cheerful; the birds had ceased to sing, a chilly breeze came up from the plain below, and the murmur of water sounded solemn and mysterious.

Persis was just about to call her brother and sister in, when with loud shrieks they rushed toward her from the thicket; the elder sister ran to meet them, and at the same time a door in the house opened, and an old woman bearing a torch peered forth.

"Still out, children Nay, but this is foolish. Who knows what you may meet?" she said, in an anxious voice.

This foolish old woman never thought of the real danger to which they were exposed from the chilly night air and dangerous vapors arising from the marsh; hers were only superstitious fears. They were greatly increased by Julia's throwing herself into her nurse's arms, and crying out,—

"We have seen him, nurse! we have seen him."

"Seen who?" asked Persis and the nurse in one breath.

"The great god Pan!" said Rufus, speaking as became a boy and a Roman, much more calmly than his sister, though his heart beat violently with fear.

"Why did you linger so late in the garden?" said the old woman, drawing the children with trembling hands into the house. "Ought you not to know that here, more than anywhere, the gods are apt to manifest themselves? It is close, too, to the time for the sacrifice in the grotto; what would your father do if one of you were chosen victim?"

WITH LOUD SHRIEKS THEY RUSHED TOWARD HER.

The children, shuddering, clustered round their nurse, who, questioning them, soon found out what their amusement had been and was greatly shocked at their venturing to play hide-and-seek even amongst the very images of the gods.

"And when we got near to the statue of the great Pan," said Julia, "behold the figure moved toward us, and we cried out to Persis, and ran in as fast as we could."

"And thou, Persis; didst thou see nothing?"

"I saw nothing, good nurse, but the children running; but—," she paused and hesitated.

"But what, child?" asked the nurse, eagerly

"Thrice this afternoon have I heard the voice of Pan's nymph Echo."

"Thrice!" repeated the old nurse thoughtfully; "that must betoken something. Why did it not warn you to come in?"

"I have oft heard her speak to me," said Persis, gravely, "and I like to hear her voice, it is so soft and strange. Doth Pan conceal her in the mountain?"

"It is not for us to ask," said the nurse. "What said she to you to-day?"

"First she said, 'Come;' and then it seemed to me the word was thrice repeated, each time more distantly. Then she cried, 'Lost;' but the last time she cried 'Found.'"

It never entered the heads of any of the party that it was the children's voices echoing in the garden which they had heard. They had but lately come from the flat country round about Rome, where no echo was ever heard, and where other gods were thought more of than the wood-god; for our tale is about the old heathen days, when, as we read in the Acts of the holy Apostles, men worshipped idols, and even the Apostles themselves were taken for the gods Jupiter and Mercury.

Cæsarea Philippi, in which the Tetrarch of Galilee had united the Emperor's name with his own, is one of the most wonderful places in Palestine, but at the time of which this story tells, it was more noted for the prevailing Pan-worship than for anything else. There were, indeed, numerous Christians in the place, who looked upon this Pan-worship with horror, and reverenced the place because in its neighborhood our Blessed Lord spent six days during his life upon earth; but although the time of persecution had not yet come, and it was not till A. D. 234 that the Diocletian age, or age of martyrs, began, yet the followers of Christ were far outnumbered by the heathen, and no one had yet ventured to raise his voice against the dreadful wickedness of this particular form of idolatry.

The old nurse was amongst the most superstitious of the believers in the wood-god, and was still trembling over the children's adventure when they were startled by a loud knocking at the door and a demand for admittance.

The children clung round their nurse and tried to conceal themselves behind her, as, feeling it both useless and dangerous to refuse admittance if it were indeed Pan, she proceeded to unfasten the door.

CHAP. II.—ASTYRIUS.

A stranger wrapped in a mantle stood on the threshold, and gazed with wonder at the group before him. The old nurse gave him a hasty glance from head to heel, then somewhat relieved at seeing neither the goat's legs nor the ears which distinguished Pan she opened the door more boldly, and welcomed the new-comer, who asked,—

"Does Lucius the Centurion live here?"

"He does, most noble stranger," said the nurse; "but he is absent just now, and we cannot tell when to expect him."

"Are you the god Pan?" asked Rufus, coming forward somewhat timidly.

The stranger laughed, then looking grave, and even pained, he answered,—

"Not so, my boy. I am but Astyrius the Roman, of whom thy father may perchance have spoken, and having business at

Capernaum I came on here to renew our friendship."

"What!" exclaimed the nurse and children in one breath, "are you that Astyrius who slew the lion in Libya and saved our father?"

"Even so. I see my friend has told you the story, but he has not told how he himself rescued me from an even worse danger than that; but some day you must hear it."

"You are right, most noble senator," said the nurse; "we ought ere this to have asked you into the house and set refreshment before you," and she motioned for Persis to lead the way.

"My father will be grieved to have been absent," said the young girl, timidly; "but news came this day that bears have been seen on the outskirts of Baneas, and he and some of his soldiers have gone after them, since they have already done damage amongst the crops."

"Then you, too, have fallen into the custom of calling this place by its heathen name?" the stranger said, in some surprise.

"My father often calls it by its Roman name," answered Persis; "but we are more accustomed to its ordinary name amongst the people."

"Could I not join your father in his hunt?" asked Astyrius. "I have much wished to kill one of your Syrian bears."

"We will send some of the slaves with you at sunrise to-morrow, and perchance you may meet the hunters; but now you will need to refresh yourself and rest after your journey."

By this time, the slaves summoned by the nurse had prepared and brought refreshment for their guest. It would only weary you, dear children, and tire you before the tale is done, if I were to tell you all the different names given to the different parts of a Roman house, or to the dishes of a Roman meal. Of this we may be sure, that all over the world and in all ages children are just the same, and these three were just as full of fun and curiosity as any of you can be. Astyrius, too, was fond of children, and was particularly struck with the simplicity of these. Even Persis, although, like all girls in the East, considered no longer a child, was very different to what most Roman maidens of her age would have been. Her father's constant absence from home, and the fact that the mother died when Rufus was a baby, had caused them to be brought up in great retirement, almost entirely under the charge of their old nurse, who had been freed for her goodness to them.

When their guest had finished his meal and washed his hands, the children had already lost their shyness, and were anxious to learn from their visitor all they could about his adventure with their father in the Lyiban desert, and what the still greater evil was from which he had saved Astyrius.

The Roman seemed, however, quite unwilling to gratify their curiosity, and turned the conversation by asking Persis whether her father's absence did not make her anxious.

"Scarcely," answered the young girl, coloring slightly. "Our father has been but little at home since our mother died; he only stays as long as he is obliged by his duties. He knows," she added, as if in explanation, "that old Veronica can take good care of us. He is often away on far more dangerous excursions than this, and then, indeed, we fear. But our Syrian bears are but timid creatures, who might well be left alone, only that they sometimes ravage the flocks and the fields of lentils and chick-peas, which grow at the foot of the mountain. But here comes Marcus, who will tell you all about it.

A tall, dark-colored man entered the room as she spoke. He was a freed slave of the Centurion's, who was to lead the party ordered to escort Astyrius up the mountain.

It was soon decided that the stranger and those who were to go with him should start an hour before sunrise, as Marcus feared otherwise they would scarcely find the hunting party, who intended to camp out that night and pursue the bears, who seemed unusually numerous, in the morning.

The whole party therefore retired to rest, after Rufus had vainly implored the stranger to take him with him. The boy's disappointment was soon forgotten in sleep; and the girl, too, slept the calm and innocent sleep of youth.

It was otherwise with Astyrius. The members of that heathen household would have wondered if they had seen him quite an hour later kneeling at his window in the bright moonlight, wrapped in prayer; still more so if they had heard his prayer:—

"O Thou, whose presence has sanctified this place, whose mission it was here to cast out devils and to heal long standing sickness, convert these souls from the worship of devils to the worship of Thee; and especially I beseech Thee for Lucius, that he may be strengthened to confess Thee before men."

THE FIRST GLEAM OF SUNRISE IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAP. III.—DAWN ON HERMON.

It seemed to Astyrius he had scarcely slept more than a few minutes when Marcus called him. He felt almost sorry he had given the order; but he was used to hardship and fatigue, and it was, after all, no great exertion. He was soon dressed and on his way up the mountain.

Marcus the servant was a superior sort of a man, and had been with his master at the time the two Romans had formed their friendship. This had happened very soon after the Centurion had lost his wife Aspasia, and Marcus knew much of the events which preceded and followed her death. He rode in silence for some distance, till at last Astyrius asked him, in a low tone of deep meaning,—

"How is it with thee, Marcus, since we parted?"

"It seems to me," answered the servant, earnestly, "that as I passed from slavery to freedom, so also from darkness to light. But, alas! this place is given up to idolatry: there are but few who believe as we do in the Risen One."

"But thy master is a Christian, is he not?" asked Astyrius, anxiously. "Surely he who led me himself to the light cannot have fallen from it?"

"I know not," answered Marcus, sadly. "He is little at home, is restless and disquieted; he does not uphold the Christians, neither does he deride them: but the children are brought up to worship the gods of the Romans."

"So I feared," said Astyrius, sadly. "Ah, with what pleasure did I look forward to treading upon the soil hallowed by the feet of the Redeemer! to visiting the spots sanctified by His Divine acts! And what is the reality? The Jews themselves are cast forth upon the face of the earth, and after more than two hundred years in this place, where above all He should have been believed in, the Christ is not known."

"Yet shall His kingdom be established, not only here, but throughout the world," said Marcus, with a look of faith. To which Astyrius answered, "Even so, my brother, as surely as this darkness shall in due time be turned into light."

(To be continued.)

THE MAN who allows a doubt to come between him and his honesty has taken the first step toward evil.

The Family Circle.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

BY AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD."

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying;
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming.
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have done, when brightly
The sun to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing lightly.
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short.

When summer winds, aroma laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought;
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in latter seasons wrought;
Forget thyself, when Duty's angel calleth.
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee has taught,
To others teach the sympathies of heaven.
The time is short.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY P. M. BARTON.

In the sitting-room of a pretty cream-colored house in a pleasant village of Western New York, there sat a sweet-faced woman whom at first sight you would pronounce fifty years old, but a closer look would tell you, or any one accustomed to observe physiognomy, that the lines indicated several more years of care and trials to be added to the number. The room was a pleasant one. The pretty gray and scarlet carpet, although made of nothing more pretentious than rags, was prettier than many a large-flowered ingrain thought worthy of gracing a parlor. Through the south window, this lovely October day, the sun sent his rays with a power which brightened and cherished the plants which filled it; a heliotrope, a glorious carnation, a budding rose, a pink petunia and white Chinese primrose. The well-chosen pictures which hung upon the wall, the table, covered with a spread of a rich brown, embroidered with vines in colored silks by some practised hand, and strewn with choice books and the standard periodicals of the day, showed that those who lived there did not live by bread alone.

The door into the kitchen stood open, and through it a young woman entered, who would have been pretty if it had not been for a weary, fretful expression which rested upon her face. Her dress, too, was carelessly arranged, as though she had not ambition enough to care how she looked.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pratt," said she, "I need not ask how you are, for you look so nice and comfortable that you must be well."

"Yes, I am well," said the lady whom she addressed, "and I hope, Susie, that you are nice and comfortable too. With a good husband, and two as good and pretty little girls as there are in the world, you certainly ought to be."

"Yes, Mrs. Pratt, I know it, and I am; only, you know, I was not brought up to hard work, and as we have only what Joseph earns at his trade we cannot afford to keep any one to help me, and I get so tired I can't take much comfort. Then I am not a good cook, and am always spoiling things, and that worries me. It costs enough to live, goodness knows, without my wasting things. Joseph has been telling me about something he saw in the paper about a book that tells how to cook nice meals for fifteen or twenty-five cents apiece. Can you tell me anything about it? Is there any such good luck for me?"

"Well, Susie, there is such a book, and it would be a good plan for Joseph to get it for you. It will not cost much, and you, with your small family, may do something with it. I do not believe that comfortable meals for five or six healthy growing children, or the same number of hearty men, can be provided for any such sum, but a great deal can be done by management; more than you would think possible if you have never done it yourself. If I should tell you how little I got along with when I was young and my children small you would hardly believe me."

"Why, Mrs. Pratt, were you ever poor? I always had the idea that you never had to work and manage like the rest of us."

"My dear Susie, I will tell you something of my history, and you shall judge whether my life has been all easy or pleasant. I had been married about six years when the war broke out, and my husband thought it was his duty to help to save his country, and so he enlisted. We had been very happy with our two little girls, Mary and Carrie, who were then three and five years old. I was not willing to have him go. I did not think it right for him to leave his family; but he went, and served his country bravely and well a little over three years. I was beginning to think he would come home before long, when the news came in a letter written by one of his comrades that he was dead, killed instantly upon the field of battle. I never saw his face again, never even knew whether he was buried or not. I thought I should die, and wished I could, but when I saw my poor little children I knew I must live for their sakes.

"My relatives were very kind. They tried to have me come and live with them. One of my brothers offered to take Mary, another wanted Carrie, and the third offered me a home with him. My health had never been very good; I never had done even my own work, but I could not give up my children. Not while I could keep them from being cold and hungry would I give them up. I owned a small house and lot in the village. My friends procured me a pension somewhat larger than that of a private soldier's widow, for my husband had been second lieutenant, and I set about making a living for myself and children the best way I could. Fortunately my health grew better. I made the most I could of my garden, and did what work I could for others, sewed, even washed and cleaned house for those who would hire me. People were very good to me and helped me in many ways. There was a good school in the village and I sent my children steadily. They were bright, and learned rapidly. We always went to church and Sabbath-school. Indeed, I had a class in the Sabbath-school, and very few Sabbaths passed without my meeting them. As I have said, people were very good to me, and often those I worked for gave me things, which, though at first my pride refused, I accepted for my children's sake.

"I remember one winter, times were very hard, and I could get hardly anything to do. My money was almost gone. I had a little flour, some apples and potatoes and a few other vegetables in the house, but no meat, butter or milk. I was almost discouraged. But one of the merchants in town wanted some one to pick over beans for twenty-five cents a bushel. I could pick over one bushel a day, and the first night I bought with my quarter a pound of pork and a few quarts of beans. The next night I bought a gallon of kerosene and a spool of thread. I had no more beans to pick over, but a lady living near was suddenly left alone by her hired girl, and for two or three weeks I used to go and help her every day. I could not leave home entirely because of the children, and as it was it made it very hard for me, and what she paid me helped me a great deal. Then one day an old friend of my husband's came to me, and brought me a nice piece of fresh beef, one of salt-pork, and a chicken which I kept frozen until Christmas. On his way he stopped at the house of a cousin of mine, and when he told where he was going she added a roll of butter, a wedge of cheese, a pail of lard, and the only mince-pie we had all that winter. I learned that it was the best way to go to bed at nine o'clock, and not get up until daylight. It saved wood and lights, and then if we had breakfast at eight we needed but one more meal that day, dinner at three. We had buckwheat cakes or oatmeal for breakfast, with a cup of coffee for me and a mug of milk for each of the children. We used honey with our cakes or oatmeal. A neighbor offered me a swarm of bees if I would provide a hive for them, which I was glad to do. As they increased I learned how to take care of them, and the honey they gave us helped very much in reducing our expenses in the line of groceries.

"A lady for whom I had sewed said to me one day that she had a dress she had partly worn, and asked if I should feel offended by her offering it to me. One great trial of my poverty was humbling my pride to accept such gifts for my children's sake, but I took it, I hope, gratefully. The dress was some thick, dark-colored goods, and as it was made very full, I could use some of it for covering my old lounge, which I had long been ashamed of, and have enough left for a dress for little Carrie. With the addition of a crimson piping it made a warm, pretty dress which she wore to school and to church all the rest of the winter. I was at a loss what to do for a dress for Mary, but one day as I was looking over an old trunk which had stood, covered with dust, in an unused closet, I found an old cloak which had belonged to a great aunt of mine. It was brown merino, long and full, and trimmed with black velvet. It was very tender, but I made her a dress, trimming it with the same crimson cord, and there was enough left of the merino to make each of them a sacque, which I trimmed with the black velvet. These, with their last winter's hats, made them nice comfortable suits for the winter with little expense.

"The next spring one of my neighbors had a nice calf which seemed too good to kill, but which no one wanted to buy. I took it, and by buying two quarts of milk a day and making it into porridge, and working over the animal in every possible way, the next fall I had a very nice calf, and a great pet for my little girls. By close management I provided for its keeping for the next two years, and then we had a cow of our own, and oh! what a help she was to us! So long as the children could have all the milk they wanted, I knew they would never go hungry or sicken for want of proper food. One great cause of suffering among the poor is that they are obliged to eat just what they can get, though it may not be at all the kind of nourishment they need at the time. I do not know but that good dinners can be provided for fifteen or twenty cents, but am afraid that where everything had to be bought in small quantities they would be rather unsatisfactory. I have cooked a good dinner many a time and only paid five cents for the piece of meat which was the foundation of the stew. I used sometimes to get a shank of beef and make three meals of it; stew it nicely and have it warm for the first day, make a meat pie of the pieces on the second, and the third day make a soup of the bone.

"Time went on, as he always does, and my two girls were soon grown up. Mary was a tall, handsome girl, not especially fond of study, but a fair scholar, very skilful in whatever she tried to do, whether needlework or housework, and passionately fond of music. I often mourned over my inability to give her the music lessons for which she so longed; but at last, and providentially, as I believe, the way was opened for her. Our church bought a new organ and wanted some place to put the old one where it would be well taken care of, and were willing that I should have it when they found I wanted it. It stayed there almost a year, and I did washing for the lady who gave music lessons in our village, that she might teach Mary. My daughter was her most brilliant scholar, and I never regretted my hard work. When the organ was taken for the use of a school we were again without an instrument. But an uncle of mine, who lived in Michigan, came east that spring on a visit, and coming to our house, took such a fancy to Mary that he invited her to go home with him, promising that his daughter, a finished musician, should give her lessons as long as she would stay. It was my first parting with one of my children, and very hard, but I could not let her lose such an opportunity, and she went. In the year and a half which she stayed she became a first-class player, and I have always suspected, though she never told me, that she might have obtained scholars out there if she had been willing to stay away from me permanently. But she knew how much I missed her, and came back where she had no chance of making any practical use of her musical talent, as she had always hoped. But she went bravely to work with her needle, with which she was very skilful, and from making print wrappers nicely, rose to the most elaborate work, and soon could raise her prices above other dressmakers and still have plenty to do. Before a great while she was able to make a bargain with a dealer in musical instruments, and soon had a first-class piano, which had been a little used, to be paid for in instalments. Part of the money was earned by giving music lessons to the few children in the village whose parents could afford them a musical education.

"Carrie loved to study more than anything else, and was an excellent scholar. She was offered the post of assistant teacher in our public school, which she held for a while and then changed for one in the intermediate department, which she kept as long as we remained in our old home. I had thought that I never should leave it, but when Mary heard that there was a good opening for a dressmaker in this place, she, as you know, determined to open a shop here and keep several girls to help her, so that she might not work so hard and still be successful. So she wrote to me to sell my place and come and keep house for her. She said there was a good school here, and she had a good place all ready for Carrie if we would only come. It seemed very hard to leave my pretty cottage, with the wild clematis and bitter-sweet vines running all over it, and all the kind friends and neighbors; but of course I did, for I felt that I must be where my children were, and I have never been sorry. I have found kind friends and as much happiness as mortals can expect."

"Mrs. Pratt, you make me ashamed of my complaining, and I will not get so discouraged again, or if I do I will think how many more blessings I have than I deserve or appreciate. And," she added, rising, with a new light of ambition in her face, "I will have Joseph get me that cook-book, and see what I can do with it."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SAVED (?)!

BY M. L. TANNER.

Thirteen years ago I left an uncongenial occupation in an Eastern city which offered but little prospect of advancement, and struck out for the West. I had a friend in Chicago five years my senior, who held a good position in one of the larger wholesale houses in that city, and I hoped for assistance from him in procuring me a situation, where by industry and faithful service I might have an equal opportunity to rise.

Scanning the numbers as I passed along I came presently to the one on my card indicating the business address of my friend. A fine aroma of freshly roasted coffee had already apprised me of its nearness; for my friend had mentioned casually in a late letter that a large spice-mill had been put in operation next door to his employer's. Years have passed since then and the youthful ambition which possessed me, to be classed among the "solid men" of a great city, has been realized sufficiently to enable me to extend to others the help I needed then; but I never smell the aromatic odor of freshly-roasted coffee without a sort of tender regretfulness on my spirits and the accompanying image of my youthful self as I stood there at the door of Tenpenny & Locke's wholesale hardware-house, and the

picture of my jolly friend Will Norton, as I saw him a moment later, when, after asking for him at the book-keeper's desk below, I had mounted the elevator and stepped off at the sixth floor as directed. He was at the farther end of the long, closely-stocked room, with note-book in hand, engaged in the annual work of taking account of stock. His face was pale and worn, and his eyes hollow and sunken. The change in his appearance was so great, in fact, since I had seen him last that I scarcely recognized him and was on the very point of asking him to direct me to his own whereabouts, when he glanced up, strode toward me with a quick look of recognition and cried out in his breezy way :

"Well, I declare! If there a'n't Hal Ainsley! How are you, old boy? Did you blow this way on the gale?"

When the process of dislocating each other's arm had progressed sufficiently according to the national custom usual on such occasions, I acquainted him with my purposes and received in return a hearty assurance of his assistance.

"Wife will be delighted to see you," he said, in his beaming, hearty manner. "Here's my card with address; just get your traps and go down. I wish I could go along; but I'm booked for all night in this abominable inventory business. Tom Drake, one of our best men in this department, has taken it into his head to go off on one of his sprees just at this crisis, and all hands are terribly pushed. The fellow is a great favorite with the firm—sharp as tacks, and lightning on figures—but about once in every three months he starts off on a tangent without a word to anybody, and gets beastly drunk. He don't show his face here till he's all right again, and the firm appear to take no notice of his having been absent. They're downright mad this time, though; for we're always rushed to death at the close of the year, and particularly so this season. I shouldn't wonder if he lost his position, and it serves him right for being such a fool as to let whiskey muddle his brain."

"But, Will," I protested, as he ended with a sudden spasm of coughing which left him with a frightful pallor, "you are in no shape to stay here and work all night. What's the matter with you anyway? You look as if you had just been bled. Where did you get that cough?"

"Oh, that's nothing; taken a little cold, I suppose," and he laughed uneasily.

I noticed, however, that he resumed his seat on the broad window-sill and that his whole frame sunk together as if there were not vigor enough in any part of it to brace up the rest.

Of course I refused to leave him, and, after a hot supper together at a neighboring restaurant, we returned to the sixth floor of Tenpenny & Locke's hardware house, and in a few hours' combined work accomplished his task. Before midnight we were both in bed in Will's snug little home.

Tom Drake prolonged his carousal till the season of hurry was over and the patience of his employers exhausted. Hearing of their anger through one of the boys, he was ashamed to present himself in the house again, and I was installed in the vacant place.

My friend's cough grew worse; but it was not until his reduced strength scarcely sufficed to carry him through the labors of the day that he consented, by the joint entreaties of his wife and myself, to consult a physician. He then heard what he had secretly long dreaded to hear—the fear of which had been the cause, in fact, of his persistent refusal to allow a doctor to look into his case. Consumption—a constitutional taint in his family—had already developed beyond its incipient stages and was doing its fearful work with him. But the physician promised him certain relief and possible cure if he would follow his advice. He must be nourished with a generous diet; he must exercise slightly in the open air before breakfast, practising muscular and respiratory expansion; and he must drink a small wine-glass of pure Bourbon whiskey and lemon-juice two or three times a day.

The remedies were taken up vigorously, but the last named with a wry face at first.

"Faugh, what a vile mess!" he would exclaim with a genuine shudder as he gulped it down.

I tasted it myself one morning, at his solicitation, and found it nauseous and bitter indeed. "No danger of contracting a taste for whiskey while one takes it in this form," was my comment.

But we were rejoiced at the present effect of the remedies and took no thought of the future. My friend Will, from being pale and emaciated and weakly, began to "pick up" amazingly, as the boys at the store used to put it. His face became suffused with color; his lank form filled out to the dimensions of his clothes once more; his eyes sparkled with spirit and fun as of yore, and his step took on the old, elastic spring. Everybody exclaimed at the change. The happiness of Jennie, the little wife of whom Will was so proud and so fond, was complete. These were gladsome days. Will's fine nature had retained all the bubbling effervescence of boyhood and when we were all in the little home together there was generally a rattle of quips and jokes and merry banterings.

"Come here, Hal," called Jennie one morning, just as breakfast was being brought on the table. "I just want you to see this boy pour down the whiskey. He used to pretend not to like it; but now he takes a double quantity just as easy!"

"Two whiskeys to one lemon juice, I should think," I said, observing the large glass which Will held in his hand, and into which he poured what appeared to me a far too generous supply of the liquid.

"That's what I call a very dry joke, old fellow. No homœopathic doctrine for me! If a small dose is good, a large one must be better—eh, Jen?" answered Will, tossing off the medicine (!) with a laugh.

The two years that followed were prosperous ones for both Will and myself. Each rose to a better position in the house of Tenpenny & Locke, and each received a higher salary to correspond. Will and Jennie moved into a larger house and a finer neighborhood and took me along in their wake; but not to stay long, for a strong magnetic current from another direction seemed to sway my movements at about this period and the following fall found me submitting graciously to its domination in an abode of my own.

I now began to travel for the house, and for two or three years I saw my friend Will and his wife but seldom. What I did see caused me no little uneasiness. I began to fear that poor Will's restored health had cost him and those he loved too dearly. On one occasion, when I was home from a long trip in the interior of the State, I chanced to come upon him unexpectedly as he was issuing from a little rubbish closet on one of the upper floors of the warehouse. It was a corner seldom visited by any of the employees, and as Will's business lay on the first floor entirely, I blurted out my surprise at finding him there. He laughed in a constrained way wholly foreign to him, and said something about "just peeping in there to see if that was the closet in which the firm kept their skeleton." His manner disturbed me, and when he left the room I entered the dark hole myself and shut the door. Lighting matches and peering about in the gloom, I found what my fears had already suggested—an alarming array of empty bottles of various sizes and colors, bearing such labels as "Cordial," "Bitters," &c., but all smelling alike of whiskey, the fluid which nearly filled a bottle nearest the door.

I had been contemplating a serious protest with Will upon the subject of his indulgence in liquor, for it was becoming apparent to those most interested in him that the habit was certainly growing upon him. I had indeed spoken a word or two now and again, cautioning him to have a care over himself for the sake of his wife, if for no other reason, and suggesting that the necessity for whiskey no longer existed, even if his improved health was in any great measure due to that stimulant, which I doubted; but he had always laughed me quiet, assuring me that "there wasn't the least danger of his losing his head, he wasn't such a weak fool as that."

I was thoroughly alarmed now, however, and I resolved to look after him as closely as I could, and to awaken him, if possible, to a sense of his peril. I sought an opportunity to see him alone, and entreated him with all the earnestness with which the importance of the subject inspired me to stop and think. I reminded him of the flattering estimation in which he was held by the firm on account of his rare business qualifications, and of the absolute certainty of his attaining the highest position in their gift in course of time, unless he chose deliberately to ruin his whole future by allowing a drinking habit to overcome his better sense. I pictured the sorrow and grief of his friends, and above all of his dear wife, in case of his downfall, and at last obtained a promise that he would let whiskey alone for the future, though he declared with the greatest sincerity that "he really had no taste for the stuff, and only took it when he felt limp and needed bracing up."

Some months afterward, coming into a small property by the death of an uncle, I left the firm of Tenpenny & Locke, and started a retail store of my own in a distant town. Will had been promoted to the head clerkship in the wholesale house, and soon after I left became a partner in the concern. Misgivings had entered my mind that he had broken his faith with me. Subsequent events proved my suspicions too true. His ever-pleasant face and breezy joviality had won him hosts of friends, and customers from the smaller towns always sought him out and were made welcome with extravagant wine-suppers, tickets to places of amusement, and the like; while poor Jennie, the little wife, though now surrounded by many of the higher refinements of life, and taking her part in the fashionable society of the city, saw but little of her husband except at meals.

A career like this could have but one ending; but strangely enough, what anxious friends foresaw so plainly and remonstrated so earnestly to prevent, poor doomed Will refused to see at all, and went on the well-worn road laughing in the face of danger.

Another business change separated us by more than a thousand miles, and I have seen no more of poor Will for nearly four years. Last week I received a letter from a friend of us both with this paragraph :

"You ask of Will Norton. It is a sad story. He became so extravagant and dissipated that the firm dissolved partnership. His fine house and everything he had was mortgaged for more than its value, and he hasn't a dollar in the world nor a situation of any kind. His wife is heart-broken and overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. The worst of it is, that the poor fellow's nervous system is so shattered by drink that he is not fit to take a position if one were offered him, and business men as a rule are not very fast to make such offers to a man who has fallen so low as he has."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

REASONS FOR DRESSING PLAINLY ON THE LORD'S DAY.

1. It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.
2. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.
3. If there were less style in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.
4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.
5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.
6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations to vanity.
7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations to be envious and malicious.
8. It would save valuable time on the Lord's day.
9. It would relieve our means of a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.—*Exchange.*

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto through life, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are, if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.—*Selected.*

LIFE'S BEAUTY.—Maps are sometimes beautifully adorned with elegant vignettes in their corners, yet their value depends, not on these artistic embellishments, but on the correctness of the lines in their centres. It is even so with a man's life. Exceptional acts of heroism or virtue may adorn it, but its true beauty and value depend on its hidden character, the formation of which, after the pattern of our divine Exemplar, is its main design. If Christ be its King, conscience its director, and fidelity its abiding habit, it is a true life, whether it is spent in a palace or a log cabin, in aristocratic or peasant circles; and whether its deeds be such as those at which men gape and stare, or so common-place and obscure as to be noted by no eyes but those of the all-seeing Lord and Master of life.—*Christian Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

133. What king sent for a man to come and curse the children of Israel, and who was the man?
134. What is the first prophecy of Christ in the Bible?
135. What is the meaning of *Peniel*, and why was the place so named?
136. In what city did Samson die?
137. Of what time is it said, "In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes"?
138. At what place was Christ's first miracle performed?
139. Who was the general of David's army?
140. In whose reign was Jerusalem made the capital of Palestine?
141. By what death did Joab die?
142. In whose reign did the ten tribes revolt and form a separate kingdom?
143. From what nation did Gideon deliver the children of Israel?
144. To what tribe did David belong?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Whose faith and courage saved her people's life?
Who won a battle trusting in the Lord?
Who gained a sharp rebuke for jealous strife?
Who perished by a traitor's cruel sword?
Who checked his rage to prove a prophet's word?

The *initial* letters take—they form his name
Who did his foe's unwilling praise proclaim;
Then take the *finals*, and they give the same.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

109. When Abraham bought the cave of Macpelah from the children of Heth, Gen. xxiii. 3, 16.
110. On the east coast of Palestine south of the Bay of Acre.
111. Jeroboam, Nadab, Basha, Elah, Zimri, Omri and Ahab, 1 Kings xv. 9, 1 Kings xvi. 29.
112. Zedekiah, 2 Kings xxv. 7.
113. At Antioch in Picidia, Acts xiii. 51.
114. A lion killed the disobedient prophet, 1 Kings xiii. 24.
2. A lion killed the man that disobeyed the prophet, 1 Kings xx. 35, 36.
3. Lions killed Daniel's enemies, Daniel vi. 24.
4. Bears killed those that mocked Elisha, 2 Kings ii. 24.
115. Proverbs, i. 10.
116. By Elisha, 2 Kings vi. 6.
117. Seven years, 1 Kings vi. 38.
118. At the battle of Ebenezer, 1 Sam. iv. 11.
119. Rehoboam.
120. Of Saul and Jonathan, by David, 2 Sam. 1. 23.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

MANOAH.—Jud. xiii. 2.

Nos. 6, 5, 1, 2, 3,	Haman	Esther vii. 10.
" 3, 4, 5, 6,	Noah	Gen. x. 1.
" 6, 2, 1,	Ham	Gen. x. 6.
" 1, 2, 3,	Man	Gen. iii. 24.
" 1, 2, 4, 3,	Moon	Josh. xv. 55.
" 3, 2, 5, 1,	Naam	1 Chron. iv. 15.
" 3, 4,	No	Jer. lvi. 25.
" 4, 3,	On	Gen. xli. 45.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 9.—Archie McDonald, 6; Herbert Wm. Hewitt, 9; William C. Wickham, 9; Mary E. Coats, 10; Gracie A. McKinnon, 6.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XII.

JUNE 20.]

REVIEW.—SECOND QUARTER.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is Jesus the King of the Jews.—Matt. 27: 37.

—oOo—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus our Saviour.

PLAN OF REVIEW.—THREE MONTHS WITH JESUS.

1. Where have I been with Jesus?
2. Whom have I seen with Jesus?
3. What have I learned about Jesus?
4. What have I learned from Jesus?

1. WHERE HAVE I BEEN WITH JESUS?

1. On the lake. 2. At his feet. 3. By the sea. 4. Near Cæsarea Philippi. 5. On the mount. 6. Into the coasts of Judea. 7. At the wedding-feast. 8. On Mount Olivet. 9. In Gethsemane. 10. On Calvary. 11. On a mountain in Galilee.

2. WHOM HAVE I SEEN WITH JESUS?

1. Multitude, a scribe, disciples, demoniac, devils, swineherds, the whole city. 2. The Father, the weary and heavy-laden. 3. Multitudes, disciples. 4. Disciples, Son of Man, John the Baptist, Elias, Jeremias, Simon Peter, Satan. 5. Peter, James, John, Moses, Elias, a father and lunatic son, disciples. 6. Little children, disciples, young man, a rich man. 7. A certain king, his son, servants, murders, guests from the highways, the speechless guest, the called, the chosen. 8. Holy angels, all nations, the blessed, the cursed. 9. Disciples, Peter, James, and John, Judas, multitude. 10. Roman soldiers, two thieves, mob, chief priests, scribes, elders, Elias. 11. The woman, an angel, the watch, chief priests, council, disciples, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

3. WHAT HAVE I LEARNED ABOUT JESUS.

JESUS

Stills the tempest.....Lesson I.
Oversthrows the weary.....Lesson II.
Separates the good and evil.....Lesson III.
Out of the Living God.....Lesson IV.

Overshadowed with brightness...Lesson V.
Opens his arms to children.....Lesson VI.
Offers salvation to all.....Lesson VII.
At the judgment throne.....Lesson VIII.

Night agony in the garden.....Lesson IX.
Nailed to the cross.....Lesson X.
Alive has all power.....Lesson XI.

4. WHAT HAVE I LEARNED FROM JESUS?

1. Believe in Jesus. 2. Come to Jesus. 3. Live for Jesus. 4. Follow Jesus. 5. Hear the words of Jesus. 6. Lead others to Jesus. 7. Invite all to Jesus. 8. The least disciple represents Jesus. 9. Never betray Jesus. 10. My sins added to the sufferings of Jesus. 11. I must tell others of Jesus.

WHAT IS THE TITLE OF THE FOLLOWING LESSONS?

That which tells about the moral young man.
That which records the three prayers of Jesus.
That which narrates the destruction of the swine.
That in which a voice out of a cloud was heard.
That which tells how Roman soldiers were bribed.
That in which a certain man was speechless.
That which speaks of three hours of darkness.
That which mentions sheep and goats.

Search every lesson.
Tell every title.
Understand every duty.
Devote time in preparation.
Your reasonable service.

LESSON XIII.

JUNE 27.]

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

PAUL'S TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

Gal. 5: 13-26; 6: 7, 8.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 22-25.

13. For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.

14. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

15. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.

16. This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.

17. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

18. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

19. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness,

20. Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies,

21. Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

22. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

23. Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

24. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

25. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

26. Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

7. Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. 14: 21.

—oOo—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christians are to use their liberty for their brother's good.

NOTE.—The Galations were originally barbarians, afterward improved by Greek and then by Roman civilization and admixture. They had been idolaters, but were first converted to Judaism, then, under Paul's labors, to Christianity, but were inclined to relapse into Judaism. This letter was to prevent such lapse, and, in this portion, to contrast the fruits of walking in the Spirit with those of walking in the flesh.

EXPLANATIONS.

OUTLINE TOPICS.—(I.) DRUNKENNESS AND ITS COMPANION SINS. (II.) TEMPERANCE AND ITS COMPANION FRUITS.

I. DRUNKENNESS AND ITS COMPANION SINS.—(13-21.) LIBERTY, the Christian is free; should not be in bondage to any sin; USE NOT, as abusing the liberty; LOVE THY NEIGHBOR, this law of love to govern us; DRUNKENNESS, has sixteen companions in text (vs. 19-21); twice as many as temperance; sin multiplies faster in this world than goodness; NOT INHERIT, are lost, and cannot be, Christians.

II. TEMPERANCE AND ITS COMPANION FRUITS.—(22, 24.) TEMPERANCE has eight companions (see their names in vs. 22, 23); ARE CHRIST'S, he will keep them; LUSTS, crucified—that is, are dead.

Drunkenness and 16 VICES.	Temperance and 8 VIRTUES
A., F., U., L., I., W., R., V., E., W., S., S., H., E., M., R.	L., J., P., L., J., G., G., F., M.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

At the suggestion of the Committee of Arrangements in this city for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, we have decided to issue an enlarged paper for every day of the meeting, and are making special arrangements to have extended and accurate reports of the proceedings, such as shall be useful for reference, after the manner of the Edinburgh Newspapers, under similar circumstances. This we are only warranted in doing in the hope of obtaining a large number of special subscribers for the issues of the paper containing these reports. We shall send the DAILY WITNESS, post-paid, for the term of the Assembly, however long, to any address in Canada, Great Britain or the United States, for twenty-five cents, or five copies to one address for one dollar.

The orders (with money enclosed) should be sent before June 9th, and earlier if possible.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
WITNESS Office, Montreal.

THE SUMMER PRIZE CAMPAIGN.

During the last NORTHERN MESSENGER prize campaign the circulation of this paper was increased by the addition of sixteen thousand names. At one time it seemed as if that number would have been more than doubled and that instead of having sixty thousand subscribers as at present we would have had seventy-five thousand, which would have left but fifteen thousand to be gained during the summer's campaign. The case seems to have been reversed, and to gain the ninety thousand before the year closes we must depend on the summer for the principal increase. We can do this with some degree of confidence, because on a previous occasion the great work of the year was begun in the summer, and during it our younger workers have a better opportunity to meet their friends.

We open this campaign with the best prize list we have ever offered. It includes some of the most popular of our old prizes. Especial attention is directed to the Bibles and Testaments which have been received with great satisfaction wherever they have gone. In working for these prizes it must not be forgotten that in every case the full price of the MESSENGER 30c, must accompany the order. No person sending subscriptions, no matter how many at 25c each, can claim a prize according to our offers.

FOR ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c we will send to the one who obtains it A PEARL TESTAMENT bound in limp cloth.

SOUTH WARSAW, OHIO, U. S.
May 13th, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I received the Testament all right and was very well pleased with it. I can't see how you can afford to send such a nice Testament for one subscriber to the MESSENGER. I am going to try and get two more subscribers so that I can get the other Testament, for according to the one that you send for one subscriber the one that you send for two must be excellent nice. I have taken the MESSENGER four years and I don't believe I could do without it. I will do my best to get the MESSENGER introduced in this community for I think every body ought to take it. I remain, yours,

hoping you the greatest success,
W. W. WOLF.

FOR TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c each we will send A DIAMOND TESTAMENT bound in roan.

GREEN RIDGE MOUNTAIN,
April 6th, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the Testament and am very well pleased with it. I will try and get some more subscribers if I can, but most everybody takes it here. All those who subscribed for your paper like it splendid.

EDITH FROOM.

FOR FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c each we will send A RUBBER BRACELET. This is a very neat and pretty article. (This prize cannot be sent to the U. S.) Or, for the same amount, we will send the 13, 14, 15 PUZZLE.

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c each we will send a portrait of the Marquis of Lorne or the Princess Louise, as may be chosen. These prizes are old favorites.

HAVERLEY, May 18th, 1880.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

GENTLEMEN,—The pictures of Lord Lorne and Princess Louise came safely to hand and in good shape. To say that we were delighted with them is only truth. Having had the pleasure of seeing the originals we at once knew they were splendid likenesses and well worth the money sent. I have been accustomed to read the WITNESS from its earliest publication and have never ceased to take a deep interest in its success, as I believe it to be the very best paper in the Dominion. The NORTHERN MESSENGER is already supplied to our Sunday-school.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS. *(Continued).*

A rubber bracelet, better than that sent for four new subscribers. (This prize cannot be sent to the U. S.)

FOR SIX NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c each we will send a lady's pearl handled penknife, or a velvet chain purse, or a set of mother of pearl solitaires, for boys or gentlemen. This last would make a very pretty present. (None of the three prizes above can be sent to the U. S.)

FOR EIGHT NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c each we will send a very pretty and strong leather purse, or a larger pen knife, or a nickle pen and pencil case. The last is a very handsome article. (The three prizes above cannot be sent to the U. S.)

FOR NINE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the MESSENGER at 30c each we will send a handsome flower set, (brooch and earrings). (This prize cannot be sent to the U. S.)

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to the MESSENGER at 30c each we will send a handsome clasped Bible, with maps, and psalms. We expect to supply large numbers of these premiums to our workers this summer.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

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